

CHILD'S BOOK
OF DEVOTION.

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THE CHILD'S
BOOK OF DEVOTION;

OR

PRAYERS AND INSTRUCTIONS

IN VERSE,

SUITED TO THE VARIOUS RELATIONS AND
CONDITIONS OF CHILDHOOD
AND YOUTH.

IN TWO PARTS.

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not. Mark x. 14.

✓

BY JOHN A. MURRAY.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY REV. WM. PATTON, D. D.

NEW YORK:

M. W. D O D D,

JUVENILE AND SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKSELLER, BRICK
CHURCH CHAPEL.

1841.

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INTRODUCTION.

MR. JOHN S. TAYLOR,

The manuscript of the little work called the child's book of devotion "I have examined with great pleasure. The publication of these short prayers in verse, adapted to the capacity of children, I regard with peculiar interest. This volume is intended to supply that of which religious parents have long felt their need—experimental piety in the attractive dress of poetry. This volume, in addition to the short prayers for little children and young persons, has interspersed short addresses, also in verse. It contains upwards of one hundred little prayers, about one half of which are original and the others selected from various authors. They all abound with scriptural thoughts. I find upon examination that there are morning and evening prayers for infant children—and infant's prayers for his parent's, brothers, sisters, &c. Morning and evening prayers for young persons—for every day in the week, and for particular occasions. There are prayers for children in different stages of conviction—prayers to guard them against particular sins—for their birth-day—when sick—when recovering—when dying—and for various states of christian experience.

I consider the publication of this volume as of

great value to christian families, and rendering them an important aid in the proper training of their children. We all are aware of the fact, that the young more easily commit verses to memory than prose ; and that they are much more interested in poetry, adapted to their capacity, than with any other species of composition.

With the author I have enjoyed an intimate acquaintance for many years, and I am happy publicly to bear my testimony to his great worth, for piety, talent, and devoted attachment to the cause of the Redeemer. His heart, especially since he has been a father, has been much turned upon the early conversion of children. The present volume is the result of much thought and prayer, and has for its commanding object the salvation of the rising generation. I can cordially commend it to Zion's friends, and mine.

Yours in the Lord,

New York, Feb. 27. 1839.

WM. PATTON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This book was commenced through a conviction that one of this description was needed in Christian families. About half the matter is selected. Most of the pieces, however, are now published for the first time; some of them being purely scripture thought thrown into rhymeless verse. With the prayer that the Hearer of Prayer would bless this effort "*to perfect the praise of babes and sucklings,*" it is commended to the consideration of parents, and to the use of little children and young persons, for whom it has been prepared.

J. A. M.

Geneva, July 4. 1838.

THE CHILD'S
BOOK OF DEVOTION.

PART I.

1. *Evening Prayer for an Infant Child.*
(SELECTED.)

Now I lay me down to sleep,
O that God my Soul would keep :
Should I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my Soul to take.—*Amen.*

2. *Morning Prayer for an Infant Child.*

Lord, from sleep I now awake,
Kept alive for Jesus' sake
Now my heart I ought to give
To him who died that I might live.
Saviour, take this heart of mine,
Make it good, and own it thine.—*Amen.*

3. *Infant's Prayer. Selected & altered.*

Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,
Who for me life's journey trod ;
Who for me became a child ;
Make me humble, good and mild.

Thy little lamb, O let me be ;
Saviour, I would follow thee ;
Keep me very near thy side ;
In thy fold let me abide.—*Amen.*

4. *Infant's Prayer. Selected.*

Jesus, Shepherd, please to watch me,
Guard me both by night and day ;
Pity show to little children,
Who, like lambs, too often stray.

Jesus, I am prone to wander,
Please to keep me from each snare ;
Teach my infant heart to praise thee,
For thy kindness and thy care.—*Amen.*

5. *The Lord's Prayer.*

Father, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name ;

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
On earth as done in heaven.

Give us this day our bread,
Forgive us all our sin ;
As we, when wronged and sinned against,
Do from our hearts forgive.

Lead us not into sin ;
Deliver us from harm ;
For thine's the kingdom, glory, power,
For evermore.—*Amen.*

6. *Infant Consecration.*

O Lord, my infant heart,
To thee I now resign ;
Lord, here's my heart—I give it thee,
To be forever thine.—*Amen.*

7. *Evening Prayer for a Young Child.*

Saviour, now the day is o'er,
On a child thy blessing pour
Wash me in thy dying blood,
Pardon my sin and make me good.

Let my head lean on thy breast,
While in sleep I sweetly rest ;

On me keep thy watchful eye,
Lest I suffer, faint and die.

Wake me in the morn again,
Free from evil, free from pain :
Make me very pure and mild ;
Own me Saviour, for thy child.—*Amen*

8. *Encouragement.*

Dear child, would'st see the Saviour's face,
And his great mercy gain ?
Then while yet young seek thou his grace ;
It shall not be in vain.

9. *Morning Prayer for a Young Child.*

Saviour, hear a little child,
Offer thee a morning prayer ;
Change my heart, and make it mild,
That all may see thy image there.

Didst thou hear my evening prayer
And let me sleep upon thy breast ?
Was my health and life thy care,
That in sleep I sweet did rest ?

Hast thou washed me in thy blood ?
Hast thou cleansed me from all sin ?

Jesus, thy atoning blood
 Can make all pure and clean within.

Saviour, change this heart of mine ;
 Redeem and save me through thy blood ;
 Pardon my sin, and own me thine,
 And make me holy, wise and good.

Amen.

10. *Little Child's Prayer for an Infant Sister.*

Saviour, bless my infant sister,
 Count her with thy little lambs ;
 Spare her life ; a Christian make her,
 Write her name on thy pierced hands.
 May she early know thy love,
 And reign at last with thee above.—*Amen.*

10*. *Little Child's Prayer for an Infant
 Brother.*

Saviour, bless my infant brother,
 Count him with thy little lambs ;
 Spare his life ; a Christian make him ;
 Write his name on thy pierced hands.
 May he early know thy love,
 And reign at last with thee above. *Amen.*

11. *Little Child's Prayer for a Brother.*

Saviour, bless my much loved brother,
 May he know and love thy word ;
 May he do much good to others,
 And long live to serve the Lord ;
 And when thou shalt call him home,
 In thy likeness let him come.—*Amen.*

11*. *Little Child's Prayer for his Brothers.*

Saviour, bless my much loved brothers,
 May they know and love thy word ;
 May they do much good to others,
 And long live to serve the Lord ;
 And when thou shalt call them home,
 Like shocks of corn, O let them come.

Amen.

12. *Little Child's Prayer for his Sisters.*

Let my sisters live before thee ;
 Grant them, Lord, a gracious heart,
 So that here they may adore thee,
 And to others good impart.
 Holy, useful, may they be,
 Here and through eternity.—*Amen.*

12*. *Little Child's Prayer for a Sister.*

Let my sister live before thee ;
Grant her, Lord, a gracious heart,
So that here she may adore thee.
And to others good impart.
Holy, useful, may she be,
Here and through eternity.—*Amen.*

13. *Little Child's Prayer for his Parents.*

Saviour, when thou wast a child,
Thou didst feel a parent's love ;
O then on my parents pour
Thy richest blessings from above ;
The kindness that they show to me,
Regard, O Lord, as done to thee ;
And when they die make heaven their home ;
And there may all their children come.

Amen.

13*. *Little Child's Prayer for a Mother.*

Saviour, when thou wast a child,
Thou didst feel a mother's love ;
O then on my mother pour
Thy richest blessings from above ;

The kindness that she shews to me,
 Regard, O Lord, as done to thee.
 And when she dies make heaven her home ;
 And there may all her children come.

Amen.

3†. *Little Child's Prayer for a Father.*

Saviour, when thou wast a child,
 Thou didst feel a father's love ;
 O then on my father pour
 Thy richest blessings from above.
 The kindness that he shews to me,
 Regard, O Lord, as done to thee ;
 And when he dies make heaven his home ;
 And there may all his children come.—*Amen.*

14. *Child's Prayer for his Grand-Parents.*

Saviour, my grand-parents bless,
 Guide them through this vale of tears ;
 Let the fruits of holiness
 Beautify and crown their years.

Free from fear, and grief and care,
 May they give themselves to prayer ;
 And at last at thy right hand,
 In thy likeness may they stand.—*Amen.*

14.* *Little Child's Prayer.**

Lord, children to thee came,
 Thy blessing to entreat ;
 Why may not I now do the same,
 Before thy mercy seat ?

Although not now below,
 We know thy holy will ;
 To thee may little children go,
 And seek a blessing still.

If many years ago,
 Children thy pity drew,
 I'm sure, if I now come to thee,
 I'll have a blessing too.

Now to thy throne above,
 My little hands I spread ;
 Lord Jesus, from thy seat of love,
 Pour blessings on my head.—*Amen.*

15. *Prayer for a very little Child. Selected and altered.*

O that it were my chief delight,
 To do the things I ought ;

* Altered from the hymn, " Young children once to Jesus came."

Lord, let me try, with all my might,
To mind what I am taught.

Wherever, Lord, I'm told to go,
O make me quick obey ;
Nor may I mind it much, although
I leave a pretty play.

When bid, O make me quickly bring
Whatever I have got ;
And may I never touch a thing,
If mother tells me not.

And when I learn my hymns to say,
And learn to work and spell ;
Keep me from thinking of my play,
And make me do it well.

When thou look'st down from heaven so high,
Our actions to behold ;
Lord, smile on me, when hard I try
To do as I am told.—*Amen.*

16. *Child's Prayer. Selected.*

Lord, teach a little child to pray ;
Thy grace betimes impart ;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.

A fallen creature I was born,
 And from my birth I strayed ;
 I must be wretched and forlorn,
 Without thy mercy's aid.

But Christ can all my sins forgive,
 And wash away their stain ;
 Can fit my soul with him to live,
 And in his kingdom reign.

To him let little children come,
 For he hath said they may ;
 His bosom then shall be their home ;
 Their tears he'll wipe away.

For all who early seek his face,
 Shall surely taste his love ;
 Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
 To dwell with him above.—*Amen.*



17. *Child's Prayer for sincerity. Selected.*

Lord, oft I *say* my prayers,
 But do I ever pray ?
 Or, do the wishes of my heart
 Agree with what I say ?

Sure it is vain to pray,
 Unless I feel my need ;

Unless 'tis from a sense of want,
That all my prayers proceed.

I may as well kneel down,
And worship dolls of stone,
As offer, to the living God,
A prayer of words alone.

For words without the heart,
The Lord will never hear ;
Nor will he ever those regard,
Whose prayers are not sincere.

Lord, teach me what I want,
And teach me how to pray ;
Nor let me e'er implore thy grace
When careless what I say.—*Amen.*



18. *A Child's Prayer. Selected.*

Lord, teach a sinful child to pray,
And then accept my prayer ;
For thou canst hear the words I say,
Since thou art every where.

A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee ;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

Teach me to do the thing that's right ;
 And when I sin, forgive ;
 And make it, Lord, my great delight,
 To serve thee while I live.

Whatever trouble I am in,
 To thee for help I'll call ;
 But keep me more than all from sin,
 For that's the worst of all.—*Amen.*

19. *Little Child's Prayer for the Sabbath*

O Lord ! I must not work or play,
 Upon thy Holy Saboath day ;
 Because it is thy day of rest,
 Hallowed by thee, and thus made blest.

I must not work I must not play
 Upon God's Holy Sabbath day ;
 Since Christ who died my soul to save,
 Then rose and triumphed o'er the grave.

Why should I break God's fourth Command,
 And tempt the justice of his hand ?
 Why should I thus my God offend,
 On whom for life I must depend ?

Thou art most High, and pure and great ;
 All Sabbath breakers thou dost hate ;

Lord, never let me work or play,
Upon thy holy Sabbath day.—*Amen.*

19.* *Prayer for a Child who has told a lie.*

Lord, I confess with shame,
How wicked I have been ;
I've told a lie—I'm much to blame ;
I've wrought a grievous sin.

O God, thy word declares,
That every wicked liar
Shall have his portion, in the lake
Of brimstone and of fire.

Forgive me, God of truth,
Who thus abhors all liars ;
Seal not my lying lips in death ;
Save me from quenchless fires.

O make me watch my lips,
Lest I be sent to hell ;
Since thou dost mark with just dislike,
Each lie that I do tell.—*Amen.*

20. *Child's Prayer. Selected.*

Lord, I would come to thee,
A sinner all defiled ;

O take the guilt of sin away,
And own me as thy child.

I cannot live in sin,
And feel a Saviour's love ;
Thy blood can make my spirit clean ;
O write my name above.

I may for ought I know,
This hour the summons hear ;
To call me where the wicked go,
Or where the saints appear.

Teach me, with all my heart,
Thy mercy to embrace ;
Make me from every sin depart,
In this my time of grace.—*Amen.*

21. *Address.*

Dear child, the God who reigns above,
Creator of the heavens and earth,
Is seated on a throne of love ;
And infinite in grace and truth.

His law, which for thy rule was given,
Is holy, good, and just and right ;
Once broke, it cuts the soul from heaven ;
Condemns the soul to endless night.

The gospel is God's richest grace,
Where those, who have transgressed his law,
May seek his reconciled face,
And comfort and salvation draw.

This God has given a day of grace,
That thou thy sinful soul might'st save ;
That day mispent, thy soul is lost ;
For pardons reach not to the grave.

The hour is near when thou must die ;
How near, no creature can relate ;
God then will seal up thy accounts,
And fix thee in thy changeless state.

Then comes the dreadful judgment day,
When God will sit upon his throne,
And summon thee before his bar,
To answer for the crimes here done.

Then shall succeed a heaven or hell,
Thy future and eternal home ;
Heaven lost ; thy soul shall ever dwell
Amidst *the wrath that is to come.*



22. *What must I do. Selected.*

My conscious guilt is now so great,
If I attempt to pray,

The tempter tells me yet to wait ;
Or frights my soul away.

In painful doubt what course to try ;
I fear this long delay :
And shall I linger here and die,
Ashamed to ask the way ?

23. *Conviction for sin.*

PART I.

Ah ! I begin to feel
How sinful I have been ;
God's searching spirit doth reveal
My wretchedness and sin.

Ah ! whither shall I fly,
And shun impending wrath
Full clear I see that should I die,
I sink to endless death

I've broken God's pure law ;
And sinned against the Lord ;
From him I've loved to wander far ;
His saints I have abhorred.

His grace I have abused ;
His spirit I have grieved ;
A Saviour I have oft refused,
Whose blood for me was shed.

And now my heart is hard,
 And full of evil thoughts ;
 Unfeeling, foolish, desperate,
 To get from God it plots.

23. *Conviction for sin.*

PART II.

Ah ! whither shall I fly ?
 How shun eternal woe ?
 The wrath of God, doth on me lie ;
 He has become my foe.

His law condemns me dead ;
 By it I cannot live ;
 My works, with that pure rule compared,
 No hope my soul can give.

The gospel too condemns,
 For I do not believe ;
 That which my very soul contemns,
 My heart cannot receive.

No relish for his truth ;
 Nor for his service even ;
 I merely wish to 'scape from wrath ;
 This makes me wish for heaven.

O that I'd ne'er been born,
 Or were a senseless clod ;

O that there were no judgment throne ;
I wish there were no God.*

I am afraid to pray,
Lest God should strike me dead ;
My thoughts are blasphemous all day ;
They scare me when in bed.

23. *Conviction for sin.*

PART III.

Well ; I am now undone ;
I may as well give o'er ;
The wrath of God I cannot shun ;
Why seek for mercy more ?

My heart is adamant ;
My doubts like sands increase ;
I am becoming desperate ;
I never shall find peace.

God hides from me his face ;
He will not hear my prayer ;
I fear he'll never shew me grace,
Nor make my soul his care.

* Such wicked and desperate thoughts the convicted sinner often has.

I suffer more than some,
 Who have God's grace received ;
 I have been seeking a long time,
 And yet am not relieved.

Why am I not forgiven ?
 Why am I growing worse ?
 Why are my prayers shut out of heaven ?
 Why am I treated thus ?

23. *Conviction for sin.*

PART IV.

Ah ! whither look for help ?
 I'm torn with dreadful fear ;
 I cannot flee away from self ;
 A monster I appear.

I fear I've sinned the sin
 That God will né'er forgive ;
 And that self ruined and unclean,
 With devils I must live.

I fear 'tis now too late
 To make my peace with heaven ;
 O that I'd sought the Lord before,
 And prayed until forgiven

Hopeless as is my case ;
 I dare not backward turn ;

Though, I have thought, my day of grace
Most probably had gone.

I am not now inclined
To turn again to earth ;
This course, 'tis clear now to my mind ;
Will terminate in death.

Once more to God I'll go,
And will attempt to pray ;
Perhaps he will his mercy shew,
And wash my sins away.



23. *Conviction for Sin.*

PART V.

O Lord ! My thoughts and prayers
Have all rebellious been ;
Sinful and selfish, working death ;
Alas ! they all are sin.

Sure this is my *last call*,
My only day of grace ;
This call I may not now neglect,
And find a Saviour's face.

I've loved so to rebel,
And from thy precepts swerve,

That now if I am sent to hell,
 'Tis just what I deserve

The Spirit I've so grieved,
 Thy grace have so abused,
 Thou wilt be just and glorious,
 If mercy I'm refused.

Ah ! whither shall I fly
 To 'scape eternal woe ?
 I hear the voice of mercy cry,
To Christ the Saviour go.



23. *Conviction for sin and Conversion.*

PART VI.

Yes, I'll to Jesus go,
 Nor longer will delay ;
 He saves from sin and endless woe ;
 I die if here I stay.

But will the Lord of love
 Receive me thus defiled ?
 Prepare me for the joys above,
 And own me for a child ?

Yes, Jesus now invites,
 Who came to save the lost ;

The chief of sinners he entreats
To hasten to his cross.

Yes, Jesus bids me come,
Who even for me died :
Behold ! he says, there still is room,
Here in my wounded side.

Lord ! to thy cross I fly ;
Save me from sin and pain ;
Lo ! at thy feet I'll live and die,
And trust thee to redeem.

24. *Humility and Submission. Ps. 131*

Have I a haughty heart ?
And have I lofty eyes ?
And do I exercise myself
In things too high for me ?

I would behave myself
E'en as a child that's weaned ;
Lord, make me as a weaned child ;
And let me hope in thee.—*Amen.*

25. *Waiting on God. Ps. 123.*

O thou that dwell'st in heaven,
To thee I lift mine eyes ;

As servants watch their master's hand,
So Lord I look to thee.

Have mercy on us, Lord,
Bear thou our spirits up ;
For we are grieved with the contempt
Of proud and scornful men.—*Amen.*

26. *Prayer for a Child on his way to School.*

Heavenly Father, thou hast kept
My frail body while I slept ;
And hast chased away the night,
With the morning's pleasant light :
Clothed and fed and by thee blest,
Joyful to my school I haste.

Keep me, Lord, from sin and strife,
All this day and through my life ;
Teachers, schoolmates, may I love,
And my mind with care improve.
Every day some knowledge gain,
That I may not live in vain.

Ever thankful let me be,
For thy goodness unto me ;
For my parents, dear and kind,
For my books, which feast the mind :

Since I much receive from thee,
Much thou wilt require of me.—*Amen.*

27. *Prayer for a Child on his way from School.*

Heavenly Father, like a bird
Just uncaged and left to roam ;
Now I leave the school I love,
For my more beloved home :
Keep me pure while on the way,
Lest in paths of sin I stray.

Thou hast been most good to me ;
All my wants thou hast supplied ;
Parents, friends, all come from thee,
And thou, Lord, hast been my guide.
Let the knowledge gained this day,
Make me useful through life's way.

Soon the seed time of my life
Will be gone, nor more can bless ;
Youth mispent will load my age,
With reproach and wickedness.
Let my youth with thee be spent ;
Make me virtue's ornament.—*Amen.*

28. *Children's exercise before School.*

BY A LADY.

1st Class. Little schoolmates, can you tell
Who has kept us safe and well,
Through the darkness of the night,
To the day's refreshing light ?

2nd Class. Yes : 'tis God who deigns to keep
Little children while they sleep ;
He around us cast his arm,
And preserved us from all harm.

1st Class. Can you tell who gives us food,
Clothes and home and parents good,
Schoolmates dear, and teachers kind,
Useful books, to feed the mind ?

2nd Class. Yes : Our heavenly Father's care,
Gives us all we eat, and wear ;
Parents, teachers, schoolmates, friends,
He in kindness to us sends.

Chorus. Let us, therefore, thankful be,
For his mercies large and free ;
Every day in joyful praise,
Thankful voices we would raise.

29. *Child's Prayer on going to Church, or
Sabbath School.*

Many thanks I give thee, Lord,
For the Scriptures of thy grace ;
For the Sabbath, when thy word
Is explained and taught our race :
Precious day, of all the best,
Called the Lord's, and by thee blest.

Keep me good and still I pray,
When in church, or Sabbath school ;
That what truth my teachers say
May be heard and made my rule :
Truth, to make me wise and good,
Must be loved and understood.

As I to thy temple go
Where thy people meet for prayer ;
Grant that I may truly know
Thy salvation and thy care.
Grace let me this day receive,
On the Saviour to believe.

Let the word that I shall hear,
By thy Spirit be applied ;
Melt my heart with holy fear ;
Make me His who for me died.
In the Saviour let me find,
Full redemption—peace of mind.—*Amen.*

30. *Prayer for a sick Father.*

O God, before thy throne,
In sorrow I bow down,
 Mercy to crave ;
Strike not the fatal blow ;
Lay not my father low,
 In the cold grave.

Lord, speak the gracious word,
And he shall be restored,
 And he shall live ;
Disease shall flee apace,
And health come in its place,
 And vigour give.

Write me not fatherless ;
By cords of tenderness,
 He holds my heart :
Break not these tender ties ;
They last not if he dies ;
 Health then impart.

But if my heart must bleed,
If thou hast, Lord, decreed
 To call him hence ;
Jesus, be thou his stay,
His guide to endless day,
 His sure defence.—*Amen*

30*. *Prayer for a sick Mother.*

As the preceding ; only substituting mother, for father—motherless, for fatherless, she for he ; her for him, and his.

31. *Prayer for Direction. Selected.*

Jesus, see a little child,
 Humbly at thy footstool stay ;
 Thou who art so meek and mild,
 Stoop and teach me what to say.

Shew me what I ought to be,
 Make me every evil shun ;
 Ever may I look to thee ;
 Ever in thy footsteps run.

Jesus, all my sins forgive ;
 Make me lowly, pure in heart ;
 For thy glory may I live,
 When I die go where thou art.—*Amen.*

32. *Child's Submission.*

Saviour ! to thy feet I fly,
 E're my childhood shall have past ;
 At thy cross I'll live and die ;
 To thy cross now bind me fast.—*Amen.*

33. *Praise for learning to Read.* Watts.

The praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learnt so young
To read his holy word.

That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin.

Dear Lord! this book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sins,
And make me holy too.

Here I can read and learn
How Christ, the Son of God,
Has undertook the great concern,
To save us with his blood.

And now he reigns above,
He sends his Spirit down
To show the wonders of his love,
And make his gospel known.

O may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
The truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.—*Amen.*

34. *The Child's complaint.* Watts.

Why should I love my sport so well,
 So constant at my play,
 And lose the thoughts of heaven and hell,
 And then forget to pray ?

What do I read my Bible for,
 But, Lord, to learn thy will ?
 And shall I daily know thee more,
 And less obey thee still ?

How senseless is my heart and wild !
 How vain are all my thoughts !
 Pity the weakness of a child,
 And pardon all my faults.

Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,
 And let me learn to pray ;
 Since God will lend a gracious ear,
 To what a child can say.—*Amen*

35. *The Hard Heart.* Selected.

What is there, Lord, a child can do,
 Who feels with guilt opprest ?
 There's evil that I never knew
 Before within my breast.

My thoughts are vain—my heart is hard,
 My temper apt to rise ;

And when I seem upon my guard,
It takes me by surprise.

And yet if I begin to pray,
And lift my feeble cry ;
Some thoughts of folly or of play
Prevent me when I try.

On many Sabbaths, though I've heard
Of Jesus and of Heaven,
I've scarcely listened to thy word,
Or prayed to be forgiven.

O look with pity in thine eye,
Upon a heart so hard ;
O do not slight my feeble cry,
And show it no regard.—*Amen.*

—

36. *Morning and Evening Prayer. Selected*

God of grace, to thee I pray,
Give me grace to pray aright ;
Guide and bless me every day,
And defend me every night.

Let thy mercy while I live,
Every needful want supply ;
And thy gracious presence give
To support me when I die.—*Amen*

37. *Morning and Evening Prayer. Selected.*

Teach me, Lord, thy name to know,
Teach me, Lord, thy name to love ;
May I do thy will below,
As thy will is done above.

When I go to rest at night,
O'er me watch and near me stay ;
And when morning brings the light,
May I wake to praise and pray.—*Amen.*

38. *My Mother. Selected.*

Could I, Lord, so wicked be,
As to cause my mother pain ?
She was always good to me,
Can I ill for good return ?

In each hour of harm or good,
'Twas her hand that all the day
Clothed me, kept me, gave me food,
Taught me how to read and pray.

Lord, when I've in sickness lain,
By my bed her watch she kept ;
And when she has seen my pain,
Kindly looked on me and wept.

Heavenly Father, who didst give
Such a gift as this to me ;
Grant me, long as I do live,
Gratitude to her and thee.—*Amen.*

39. *Prayer for an Orphan Child.*

Lord, I am an orphan child ;
Mother, father, I have lost ;
And now on a friendless world,
Without parents I am tost.

Art thou not the orphan's friend ?
Wilt not thou become my guide ?
Lord, thy help and presence lend,
That near thee I may abide.

Thou hast said, when fathers die,
And when mothers us forsake,
Thou wilt, from thy throne on high,
For a child the orphan take.

Father, then, I thee would call ;
Though unworthy a child's place ;
But I give to thee my all,
And now trust thy sovereign grace

Raise me up the friends I need ;
Let my wants be thus supplied ;

To the cross my spirit lead ;
 Make me his who for me died.—*Amen.*

40. *The Child's Complaint.*

SELECTED, ABRIDGED AND ALTERED.

Saviour ! I have lost my mother,
 She was sick and now she's dead ;
 And I have a little brother,
 Weeping with me by the bed.
 When I wept she would console me,
 Smile and kiss me to relieve ;
 Now I weep she does not hear me ;
 Cheering smiles she cannot give.

Often at the close of day,
 On her bosom I would lean ;
 Go with her to kneel and pray,
 Where we never could be seen.
 She would teach me how to pray,
 Tell me I must come to thee ;
 Now I come without delay,
 Asking what is good for me.

Who will clothe and give me bread ?
 Teach me how to read and pray ?
 Who will hold my aching head ;
 Guide and cheer me through the day ?

Others still their mothers have ;
 Why not have my mother too ?
 Couldst thou not her also save ?
 Tell me, Saviour, what to do.

41. *The Saviour's answer.*

SELECTED, ABRIDGED AND ALTERED.

Little child, do not complain ;
 I was by and heard the prayer,
 When your mother prayed for you,
 Gave you up into my care.
 Little orphan, I behold you
 With more care then mothers shew ;
 I will clothe, and I will feed you ;
 Ev'ry needed gift bestow.

I will teach you how to pray,
 Shew you how you may be blest ;
 Follow me, and I'll you guide
 Safely to the heavenly rest.
 Listen to your Saviour's words,
 I am left to guide you still ;
 I will love you more and more,
 As you love to do my will.

42. *Prayer for a sick Child. Selected.*

Heavenly Father ! I am ill,
 But cure me, if it be thy will ;
 For thou canst take away my pain,
 And make me strong and well again.

Let me be patient all the day,
 And mind what those who nurse me say ;
 And grant that all I have to take,
 May do me good for Jesus' sake.—*Amen.*

43. *Child's thanks for recovery from sickness.*

SELECTED.

I thank the Lord, who lives on high,
 Who heard an infant pray ;
 And healed me that I should not die,
 And took my pains away.

O let me love and serve thee too,
 As long as I shall live ;
 And ev'ry evil thing I do,
 For Jesus' sake forgive.—*Amen.*

44. *Prayer for a dying Child. Selected.*

My heavenly Father, I confess
 That all thy ways are just ;

Although I faint with sore distress,
And now draw near the dust.

How soon my little strength has fled !
My life will soon be past ;
O smile upon my dying bed,
And love me to the last.

Once did the blessed Saviour cry,
“ Let little children come ;”
On this kind word I now rely,
Since I am going home.

O take this guilty soul of mine,
That now will soon be gone ;
And wash it clean, and make it shine
With heavenly garments on.

My heavenly Father, hear my prayer,
Accept my feeble praise ;
Redeem and take my spirit where
It nobler notes shall raise.—*Amen.*

45. *The Spirit's last act.*

Father ! into thy hands I lay
My spirit, soon to leave this frame ;
From works, from self, I turn away,
To Jesus whom I only name.

Myself now at the cross I place,
And look to Christ's atoning blood ;
I would be saved alone by grace,
Through faith, according to thy word.

I have no hope but in thy Son ;
No trust but in the cross of Christ ;
I am a sinner, lost, undone,
Without the righteousness by faith.

Into thy hands I now commit,
My spirit, O my Saviour God !
Lord Jesus, now accept the gift,
And save according to thy word.—*Amen.*

YOUTH'S

BOOK OF DEVOTION.

PART II.

46. *Address to Young Persons.*

When beauty fades ; when riches cease their glare ;
When earthly pleasures cease to charm the mind ;
What then can charm the soul ? what sooth its care ?
What fill its noble powers with joy refined ?

Religion can do this ; her joys abound,
When beauty, riches, earthly pleasures die.
Like the sweet rose which fragrance flings around,
When dried and faded by a scorching sky,

Dear youth, this Pearl of price immense secur
Whose joys and blessedness are pure and sweet ;
Without it even kings and queens are poor,
Though all earth's gems and crowns lay at their feet.

But if you make this costly pearl your own,
 Eternal bliss shall thrill and swell your breast,
 Eternal glory shall your head adorn ;
 Eternal love shall be your balmy rest.

Dear youth look up ! see at thy utmost reach,
 The Pearl of price immense invites thy grasp ;
 O seize it *now* ; for should it disappear,
 Down thy soft cheek will flow the ceaseless tear.

47. *Prayer for my Birth-day.*

Father in heaven ! thou hast now brought
 Thy child in mercy to this day ;
 Now let thy grace in me be wrought,
 That I may love thee while I pray.

Thou mad'st me, Lord, out of the earth,
 And wert my hope from infancy ;
 Thou art my God, e'en from my birth,
 For I was early cast on thee.

I was an helpless infant, Lord ;
 And slept upon my mother's breast ;
 I could not walk, nor speak a word ;
 And seemed of all thy works the least.

Thus far thou hast my days preserved,
 Altho' I've sinned and loved to sin ;

And thou hast taught me from thy word,
 Though foolish and perverse I've been.

Now on thy works, I look abroad,
 And see thy glory every where,
 Thy love, thy great salvation, Lord,
 I now would make my greatest care.

Now let me run thy paths, O God ;
 And oft as shall my birth-day come,
 May it be seen that I have trod
 A full year's journey nearer home.—*Amen.*



MORNING AND EVENING PRAYERS FOR YOUNG
 CHILDREN, FOR EACH DAY IN THE WEEK.



48. *Sabbath Morning. Selected.*

O Lord, the night is gone,
 The Sabbath morn I see ;
 O that thou would'st on this thy day
 Thy mercy shew to me.

I would now bow in prayer,
 And supplicate thy throne ;
 Forgive me, Lord, for follies past,
 Adopt me for thine own.

O condescend to hear
 While I attempt to pray ;
 And keep me, Lord, from harm and sin
 Through all this Sabbath day.

O let me not forget
 The kindness and the love ;
 Which gave for us thy Son to die,
 That we might live above.

O let my days and nights,
 As they revolve around ;
 Be spent in doing all thy will,
 And in good works abound.—*Amen.*

49. *Sabbath Evening. Selected.*

Heavenly Father ! grant thy blessing
 On the instructions of this day ;
 That our hearts, thy fear possessing,
 May from sin be turned away.

We are told thy power can reach us,
 Whatsoever place we're in ;
 And the holy Scriptures teach us,
 Thou wilt surely punish sin.

We have wandered, O forgive us !
 We have wished from truth to rove :

Turn, O turn us, and receive us,
And incline our hearts to love.

We have learned, that Christ, the Saviour,
Lived to teach us what is good;
Died to gain for us thy favour,
And redeem us by his blood.

For his sake, O God, forgive us!
Guide us to that happy home,
Where the Saviour will receive us,
And where sin can never come.—*Ame.*

90. *Monday Morning Prayer.*

SELECTED AND ALTERED.

O God! I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest has passed away;
And that I see my Father's smile,
In this fair light that makes it day.

Be thou my guide, and let me live
As under thy All-seeing eye;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

Keep me from sinful thoughts, O Lord,
And make my youthful heart sincere;
Make me to read thy holy word,
With reverence and with godly fear.

Then shall I be prepared below,
For thy eternal home above,
Where pleasures like a river flow,
And holiness and peace and love.— *Amen.*

51. *Monday Evening Prayer. Selected and altered.*

Another day its course has run,
And still, O God, thy child is blest,
For thou hast been by day my sun,
And thou wilt be by night my rest.

Sweet sleep descends my eyes to close,
And soon, when all the world is still,
I'll give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

Then let each coming night declare
The tokens of thy matchless love ;
And every hour thy grace prepare .
My soul for purer joys above.

And when on earth I close my eyes,
And sink worn out in death's embrace ;
O that to heaven my soul may rise,
To see and serve thee face to face.—*Amen.*

52. *Tuesday Morning. Ps. 17.*

Lord! thou hast proved and tried my heart,
And watched me in the night ;
Now keep me pure, thy grace impart,
And make my actions right.

Thy word has kept me from the paths
That lead to death and hell ;
In thy pure paths, O hold me up,
That I may run them well.

Keep as the apple of thy eye,
And hide beneath thy wings,
O thou, that savest by thy hand,
The child that to thee clings.

O keep me from the sons of crime,
Who have their portion here ;
Lest, in my strength and youthful days,
I die and disappear.

O keep me pure ; let me partake
The grace thou dost provide ;
That in thy likeness when I wake
I shall be satisfied.—*Amen.*

53. *Tuesday Evening. Ps. 4.*

God of my righteousness, O hear,
 Who from despair canst save my soul,
 And plenteous mercy shew :
 Teach me to fear thy holy name ;
 To turn away from every sin,
 And with my God commune.

O make my heart sincere and pure,
 And let me trust the God of love
 For every needed good ;
 While many ask, who'll shew us good ?
 Lord, lift on me thy countenance,
 Shall be my earnest prayer.

This will put gladness in my heart,
 Beyond the joy that worldlings feel,
 Whose corn and wine increase.
 Now, while I lay me down to sleep,
 Lord, let thy watchful care preserve,
 And shield me from all harm.—*Amen.*

54. *Wednesday Morning. Selected and altered.*

O Lord, through thy indulgent care,
 In peace I laid me down ;
 And now thy soft bright beams of love
 My waking moments crown.

No sad alarm my slumbers broke,
 No terror, fear or dread ;
 No sickness seized my tender frame,
 Nor flames came round my bed.

Preserve me from all ill I pray,
 And guide me with thine eye ;
 And grant that through the passing day
 I may on thee rely.

Lord ! condescend to teach a child
 To praise the Saviour's love ;
 O let me live to thee below,
 And dwell with thee above.—*Amen.*

55. *Wednesday Evening. Selected.*

Indulgent Father, by whose care
 I've passed another day ;
 Let me this night thy mercy share,
 And teach me how to pray.

Shew me my sins, and how to mourn
 My guilt before thy face ;
 Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
 And save me by thy grace.

Speak to my conscience ; speak my peace
 Through his atoning blood ;

And grant me, Lord, a full release
From sin's oppressive load.

Shew me my wants, and let me crave
Nothing but what is right :
Help me by faith on thee to live,
Then change my faith to sight.

Guide me through life's uncertain path,
Nor let me from thee stray ;
And when my fleeting breath shall fail,
Raise me to endless day.—*Amen.*

56. *Occasional Morning Prayer. Ps. 3.*

Lord ! how my enemies increase !
Like floods they have assailed my soul ;
They fill my mind with doubts and fears,
And say, I have no hope in God.

But, God, thou art my shield and hope ;
And wilt lift up my drooping head ;
At night I cried, and thou didst hear,
And o'er me cast thy shadowing wings.

I laid me down and slept secure ;
I waked, for God my soul sustained ;
Now I'll not fear, tho' myriads
Against my soul should set themselves.

Arise, and save me, O my God,
Thou stronger than the strong man armed ;
Salvation, Lord, belongs to thee ;
O bid the tempter hence depart.—*Amen.*

57. *Occasional Evening Prayer.—Watts.*

Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
I am for ever thine ;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

I pay this evening's sacrifice ;
And when my work is done,
Great God ! my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

Thus with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.—*Amen.*

58. *Thursday Morning.*

Father of heaven ! with the light,
 O hear my prayer ;
 Through the dark and slumbering night,
 I've been thy care.

Saviour of sinners ! thy shed blood
 Makes pure within ;
 Wash me in the crimson flood
 That flows for sin.

Spirit of grace ! change my young heart,
 Apply thy power ;
 Love, and faith and grace impart,
 In a rich shower.

Father of heaven ! on thy grace
 I now recline ;
 Sinful, lost, I seek thy face,
 O seal me thine.—*Amen.*

59. *Thursday Evening.—Watts.*

Dread Sovereign ! let my evening prayer
 Like holy incense rise ;
 Assist the offerings of my heart,
 To reach the lofty skies.

Perpetual blessings from above
 Encompass me around ;
 But O, how few returns of love
 Hath my Creator found.

What have I done for him who died,
 To save my wretched soul ?
 How are my follies multiplied,
 Fast as the minutes roll !

Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
 To thy dear cross I flee ;
 And to thy grace my soul resign,
 To be renewed by thee.

Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
 I lay me down to rest ,
 As in th' embraces of my God,
 Or on my Saviour's breast.—*Amen.*

60. *Friday Morning. Selected.*

Father in heaven ! in mercy take
 A helpless child beneath thy care ;
 And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
 To listen to my feeble prayer.

I am a very sinful child,
 And have a wicked heart within ;

O make me humble, good, and mild,
And wash me clean from ev'ry sin.

Thou hearest all the words I say,
And know'st the thoughts I have within.
And whether I'm at work or play,
Art sure to see it if I sin.

O let me never tell a lie,
Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight,
Since well I know that thou art by,
And hast me always in thy sight.

And when I want to do amiss,
However pleasant it may be,
O let me always think of this,
My heavenly Father looks at me.—Amen.



61. *Friday Evening. Watts.*

Almighty God! thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.

And must the crimes that I have done,
 Be read and published there ?
 Be all exposed before the sun,
 While men and angels hear ?

Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie ;
 Upward I dare not look ;
 Pardon my sins before I die,
 And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains,
 That my Redeemer felt ;
 And let his blood wash out my stains,
 And answer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear
 To have a sinful thought ;
 Since the great God can see and hear,
 And writes down ev'ry fault.—*Amen.*



62. *Saturday Morning. Selected and altered.*

O Lord, I raise to thee
 The voice of prayer and praise,
 Who condescends to watch o'er me,
 And lengthen out my days.

While some have past this night
 In restlessness and pain ;

I rise refreshed to see the light,
And seek the Lord again.

This day will many die !
This hour what numbers go !
What if my soul, this very day,
The change of death should know ?

O Lord, be thou my guide
Through this uncertain space ;
Keep me for ever near thy side,
And grant a child thy grace.—*Amen.*

63. *Saturday Evening. Selected.*

God over all, for ever blest,
Grant me thy grace within ;
That I may keep to-morrow's rest,
A rest indeed from sin.

A rest from all my usual play ;
A holy rest in thee ;
Then will thy blessed Sabbath day
Be a sweet rest to me.

Lord, sanctify my ev'ry thought,
In these my days of youth ;
Make me remember what I'm taught,
Out of thy word of truth.

O teach me how to pray aright,
And what to ask of thee ;
That when I'm kneeling in thy sight,
I may not thoughtless be.

But give me faith to look above,
And see my Jesus there ;
To feel a dying Saviour's love,
In answer to my prayer.—*Amen.*

64. *Morning Prayer.—Watts.*

Lord, like the sun would I fulfil
The business of the day ;
Begin my work betimes, and still
Move on the heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace ;
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.—*Amen.*

65. *Evening Prayer.—Watts.*

Lord ! how my childhood runs to waste,
My sins how great their sum ;
O give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep ;
 Let angels guard my head ;
 And through the hours of darkness, keep
 Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
 Since thou wilt not remove ;
 And in the morning let me rise,
 Rejoicing in thy love.—*Amen.*

66. *Morning Prayer.*

Through the watches of the night,
 Kept by thy Almighty care ;
 Lord ! I wake to see the light,
 And bow to thee my heart in prayer.

Many, in the night now past,
 Had their eye lids closed in death ;
 Many, while this day shall last,
 Will go the way of all the earth.

What if this should be *my* last ?
 Have I made my peace with thee ?
 Life's a vapour—soon 'tis past,
 And vanished in eternity.

Soon the sun will run his course :
 Night will follow in his train ;

But in light he will arise,
And fill the earth with joy again.

So when I have run my course,
And death's night has prest my eyes
Let my soul, redeemed by grace,
Diffusing joy in light arise.—*Amen.*

57. *Evening Prayer.*

Through thy blessing on the day,
Lord! the evening I now see;
Now I ask thee while I pray,
How my actions seem to thee.

Have I any good performed?
Ought that's sinful have I done?
Have I, Lord, my neighbour wronged,
In thought, in action, or in tongue?

Have I read thy holy word?
Read it as the word of God?
And so loved my Saviour, Lord,
That in his footsteps I have trod?

Have I for thy glory prayed?
Prayed for lost and sinful men?
Prayed to see thy arm displayed,
And sinners born of God again?

Let me grieve that I have sinned,
 And have loved, my God, no more ;
 Make it now my heart's desire,
 To serve thee better than before.

Let me spend each passing day
 Near to God, and in thy fear ;
 As I'll wish I had it spent
 When in judgment I appear.—*Amen.*

68. *Praise for birth in a Christian Land.*

WATTS.

Great God ! to thee my voice I raise,
 To thee my youngest hours belong,
 I would begin my life with praise
 That I was born where Christ is known.

How do I pity those that dwell
 Where ignorance and darkness reign !
 They know no heaven, they fear no hell,
 Those endless joys, those endless pains.

Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
 Kindle my hopes and my desire,
 While all the preachers of thy word
 Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.

O let thy praise employ my breath,
 Since thou hast marked my way to heaven ;

Nor let me run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast given.

Amen.

69. *Praise for the Gospel.* Watts.

Lord! I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a heathen or a Jew.

What would the ancient Jewish kings,
And Jewish prophets once have given,
Could they have heard those glorious things,
Which Christ revealed and brought from heaven?

How glad the heathen would have been,
That worship idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known.

Then if the gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

O may I stand before the Lamb,
When heaven and earth and seas are fled,

And hear the judge pronounce my name,
 And pour his blessing on my head.—*Amen.*

70. *Praise for the Bible. Watts.*

Great God, with wonder and with praise
 On all thy works I look ;
 But still thy wisdom, power and grace,
 Shine brightest in thy book.

There are my choicest treasures hid ;
 Here my best comfort lies ;
 Here my desires are satisfied,
 And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law,
 Shew what my thoughts have been,
 And from thy gospel let me draw
 Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ had died
 To save my soul from hell :
 Not all the books on earth beside,
 Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
 And take a fresh delight
 By day to read these wonders o'er,
 And meditate by night.—*Amen.*

71. *Against Swearing and Cursing.* Watts.

O Lord ! how wicked children dare
 Abuse thy dreadful, glorious name !
 And when they're angry, how they swear,
 And curse their playmates and blaspheme.

How will they stand before thy face,
 Who treated thee with such disdain,
 While thou shalt doom them to the place
 Of everlasting fire and pain ?

There never shall one cooling drop
 To quench their burning tongues be given ;
 But I will praise thee here, and hope
 Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.

My heart shall be in pain to hear
 Wretches affront the Lord above ;
 'Tis that great God whose power I fear,
 That Heavenly Father whom I love.

My God, I hate to walk or dwell
 With the profane or wicked here ;
 Then let me not be sent to hell,
 Where none but graceless sinners are.

Amen.

72. *Against Lying.* Watts.

Lord ! 'tis a lovely thing for youth,
 To walk betimes in wisdom's way ;

To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That all may trust to what they say.

But liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's true ;
And he, who does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Lord, in thy word it may be read,
How thou dost hate deceit and wrong ;
How Ananias was struck dead,
Caught with a lie upon his tongue.

God loves all those that speak the truth,
But hates the way of every liar,
Whose portion shall be in the lake,
That burns with brimstone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell ;
Since God a book of reck'ning keeps
For ev'ry lie that children tell.—*Amen.*

73. *Pleading for Mercy. Selected.*

When at thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with thee for mercy there ;
Think of the sinner's dying friend,
And for his sake receive my prayer.

O think not of my shame and guilt,
 My thousand stains of deepest dye ;
 Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
 And let that blood my pardon buy.

O think upon thy holy word,
 And ev'ry precious promise there ;
 How prayer should evermore be heard,
 And how thy glory 'tis to spare.

Remember not my doubts and fears,
 My strivings with thy grace divine ;
 Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
 And let his merits stand for mine.—*Amen.*

74. *God our Heavenly Father. Selected.*

Great God ! and wilt thou be so kind,
 The comfort of a child to mind ?
 I, a poor child, and thou so high,
 The Lord of heaven and earth and sky ?

Art thou my Father ? Canst thou hear
 My feeble and imperfect prayer ?
 Or wilt thou listen to the praise,
 That such an one as I can raise ?

Art thou my Father ? let me be
 A meek, obedient child to thee ;

And try in word, and deed and thought
To serve and please thee as I ought.

Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be,
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

Art thou my Father? then at last
When all my days on earth are past,
O send and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child above.—*Amen.*

75. *Prayer to the Holy Spirit.* Wesley.

Stay, O insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

Though I have most unfaithful been,
And long in vain thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
That I shall never see thy rest.

My weary soul, O God, release ;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand ;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.—*Amen.*

76. *A Prayer for a Convicted Sinner.*

Lord ! why hast thou forsaken me ?
Why far from me and from my cry ?
I cry by day and through the night,
And yet, O Lord, thou hearest not.

My tongue cleaves to my very jaws,
And to the dust of death I'm brought ;
My sins have compassed me about,
And guilt like walls now hems me round.

Lord, thou didst bring me in this world,
And wert my hope from infancy ;
For I was early cast on thee,
And from my birth thou art my God.

O, be not therefore far from me,
For trouble comes with swelling waves ;
I sink in the o'erwhelming flood,
And none but thee can help or save.

O Lord, my strength, haste to my help ;
Save from the sword which justice draws ;

Thy grace, thy mercy I implore ;
 Save me from hell and from despair.—*Amen.*

77. *A Penitent pleading for Pardon.*—*Watts.*

Shew pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
 Let a repenting rebel live ;
 Are not thy mercies large and free ?
 May not a sinner trust in thee ?

O wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean ;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain my eyes.

My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against thy law, against thy grace ;
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
 I am condemned, but thou art clear.

Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce thee just in death ;
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope still hovering round thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.—*Amen.*

78. *A Prayer for a Young Convert.*

Lord! I'll declare and praise thy name,
In congregations of the saints ;
I'll call on all who fear the Lord,
To bless thee for thy wond'rous grace.

For thou hast not despised and loathed
The sorrows of a sinful worm ;
Nor hast thou hid thy face from me,
For thou didst hear me when I cried

God reached his arm down from above,
He took and drew me from the waves ;
And saved me from my numerous sins,
Which in despair had bound my soul.

My sins like floods o'erwhelmed my soul ;
Lost, self-destroyed, on God I called ;
At once he raised my drooping head,
And great enlargement gave my soul.

Now, Lord, in meetings of thy saints,
Let me fulfil and pay my vows ;
And let me tell a faithless world,
That all who seek thy face shall live.

Amen.

79. *God's Word Praised. Ps. 19. 7. 14.*

O God! thy law converts the soul ;
 Thy word doth make the simple wise,
 Thy statutes are all right,
 The very heart they do rejoice ;
 And thy commandment is so pure,
 It lights the darkened mind.

Thy fear, O God, is ever clean,
 Thy judgments, Lord, are ever true,
 And righteous all of them :
 Far more to be desired than gold,
 Than honey also sweeter far,
 Or than its dropping combs.

Who can his errors understand ?
 O cleanse thou me from secret faults,
 And keep me back from sin :
 O let not sin have rule o'er me ;
 Then I'll be just and innocent,
 From great presumptuous sins.

O Lord, my strength and my defence,
 Thou who my soul hast e'en redeemed ;
 Hear this my earnest prayer. :
 O let the words my mouth shall speak,
 And all the thoughts my heart shall think
 Be pleasing in thy sight.—*Amen.*

80. *A Prayer for a Young Christian.*

To thee, O Lord, I cry,
 To thee I trust my soul ;
 O let not one be put to shame,
 Who trusts alone in thee.

Let none that wait on thee
 Be ever put to shame ;
 Lest those rejoice who break thy law,
 And scorn thee more and more.

Shew me thy ways, O Lord,
 Teach me thy holy paths ;
 Lead and instruct me in thy truth,
 For thou alone art God.

Remember, Lord, thy grace,
 Thy wond'rous tenderness ;
 Remember not my youthful sins,
 Nor my iniquities.

According to thy grace,
 Remember me in love ;
 Forgive and keep and save me, Lord,
 For thy own goodness' sake.—*Amen.*

81. *In-Dwelling Sins.*

Lord, my in-dwelling sins
 Afflict my very soul ;

Look on my sorrows and my griefs,
And cleanse me from all sin.

My passions, Lord, how strong !
My thoughts how wild they rove ;
They tempt me from thy holy ways,
And pierce me through with pain.

O keep and save my soul
From sin's ensnaring power ;
O let me never bring reproach
On him who for me died.

O let thy righteousness
And truth preserve me pure ;
That purified from ev'ry sin,
My soul may wait on thee.—*Amen.*

82. *Self Examination. Ps. 26.*

Judge me, O God, have I not walked
In ways of holiness ?
Have I not trusted in thee, Lord,
And staid my heart on thee ?

Examine, prove and search me, Lord,
O try my reins and heart ;
Thy tenderness before me dwells,
And in thy truth I walk.

With vain dissemblers I've not sat ;
 Their meetings I have loathed ;
 I've shunned the crowds of sons of crime
 And fixed my heart on God.

I'll wash my hands in innocence,
 And to thy altar come,
 That I may tell, with voice of thanks,
 Thy wond'rous works of grace.

Lord ! since I greatly love thy house,
 The place where thou dost dwell ;
 O gather not my soul with those,
 Who work iniquity.—*Amen.*



83. *God our Trust.*

Hear us, Lord, in days of grief,
 Be our refuge and our shield ;
 From thy temple send us help ;
 Strengthen us from Zion's hill.

All our off'rings call to mind ;
 Ev'ry sacrifice accept ;
 Grant us all our heart's desire ;
 Prosper all our righteous schemes

Lord, our banners now we raise ·
 We rejoice in thy great name ;

Thy salvation is our boast ;
O fulfil our earnest prayer.

Now I know that God will save
All that truly wait on him ;
He will hear them when they pray,
And will save them with his arm.

Some in chariots vainly trust ;
Some in horses put their boast ;
But the name of God, our Lord,
We will call to mind and trust.

Then in safety we shall stand,
While they fallen are brought low ;
Save us, Lord, when thee we trust ;
Hear us when on thee we call.—*Amen.*

84. *Desire, Despondency and Hope. Ps. 42*

As pants the hart for water brooks,
So pants my soul for thee, O God ;
My soul doth ever thirst for thee,
When shall I come before the Lord ?

O God, my soul is much cast down,
Oppressed I therefore turn to thee ;
Deep calls to deep, a cataract,
Lord, all thy billows dash o'er me.

Yet thou wilt speak my love by day,
 And in the night I'll sing thy praise,
 And I will also seek thy face,
 And spread my prayer before thy throne

I'll say unto the Lord my Rock,
 O why hast thou forgotten me ?
 Why am I daily filled with grief,
 For the oppression of the foe.

As with a sword pierced through my bones,
 My enemies my soul reproach,
 While they say daily unto me,
 Where is thy God ? Where is thy God ?

O why art thou cast down my soul ?
 O why disquieted in me ?
 Hope thou in God, whom yet I'll praise,
 Who is my joy, my help, my God.



85. *The Adversary. Ps. 43.*

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause
 Against my pow'rful enemy ;
 O save me from the iron grasp
 Of the deceitful, tempting foe.

Lord ! art thou not my rock and strength ?
 O why then hast thou cast me off ?

Why am I daily filled with grief,
For the temptation of the foe ?

O send out now thy light and truth,
To lead me to thy holy hill :
Then to thy altar I will go,
And with my heart I'll praise thee, Lord.

O why art thou cast down my soul ?
And why disquieted in me ?
Hope thou in God, whom yet I'll praise,
Who is my joy, my help, my God.—*Amen.*

86. *Thirsting after God.*

O God of love appear !
Dispel each gloomy fear ;
Thy saving grace to me impart,
And with salvation fill my heart.

I hunger for thy grace,
I thirst to see thy face ;
Now to my thirsting soul reveal,
Joys pure and sweet as angels feel.

Fill me with faith and love ;
Fix all my thoughts above ;
Then, Lord, thy grace I can proclaim,
And spread abroad a Saviour's name.

Amen.

87. *Evening and Morning.*

O Lord ! the day has swiftly fled,
 And sunk into the grave of night,
 Whose darkness soon will be illumined,
 And glorious shine with morning light.

So when my life has swiftly past,
 And borne my body to the tomb ;
 O may the Sun of Righteousness
 The darkness of my grave illumine.—*Amen.*

88. *Humility, Vanity and Mortality.*

Ps. 39. 4—13.

Lord, make me wisely know my end,
 The measure of my days, what 'tis,
 That I may know I'm frail.
 Behold, my days are made a span ;
 My age is nothing in thy sight ;
 All men are vanity.

And now, O Lord, what wait I for ?
 My hope I fix in thee alone ;
 O save me from my sin ;
 O make me not the scorn of fools :
 Lord, I was dumb, I did not speak,
 For thou didst strike the blow.

Remove thy stroke away from me ;
 I am consumed with thy rebuke,
 And thy afflictive hand :
 When thou correctest man for sin,
 Thou mak'st his beauty, like a moth,
 Consume and melt away.

Lord ! hear my prayer, my earnest cry ;
 Hold not thy peace at my hot tears,
 For I'm a stranger here :
 Spare me, O Lord, and let me live ;
 Ere I go hence and be no more,
 Let me my strength regain.—*Amen.*

89. *Prayer for a sick Person.*

O Lord ! rebuke me not in wrath,
 Nor chasten me in thy fierce wrath :
 I'm weak ; have mercy on me, Lord,
 My bones are vexed, O spare my life.

My soul is vexed, how long, O Lord ;
 Return and save me from the grave :
 From the dark pit redeem my soul,
 And save it for thy mercies' sake.

In death shall we remember thee ?
 Or give thee thanks when in the grave ?

I'm weary with my groans and pains ;
Disease has marked me for his prey.

O Lord, my God in thee I trust ;
Deliver me from dire disease,
Which lion-like will tear my soul,
Should no Deliverer appear.—*Amen.*

90. *Recovery from Sickness.*

O Lord, my God, I cried to thee,
And thou hast healed, and raised me up,
 And saved me from the grave ;
I will extol and praise thee, Lord,
For thou hast brought me from the grave,
 And health poured through my veins.

In my prosperity, I said,
The Lord has made my mountain strong,
 I never shall be moved :
But when thy face was turned from me,
And sickness crept upon my frame,
 I cried in great despair.

What profit is there in my blood ?
When I shall sink into the grave,
 Shall dust e'er praise thy name ?
Shall dust declare thy truth and grace ?
Heal, Lord, have mercy on my soul ;
 O haste to my relief.

Then thou didst turn my grief to joy ;
 My sackcloth thou hast taken off,
 And girded me with health :
 Now let me ever give thee thanks
 That this weak tongue may speak thy praise,
 And is not still in death.—*Amen.*

91. *Thanks for Deliverance.*

Now blessed be the Lord,
 For he hath heard my prayer ;
 God is my strength, and shield, and trust,
 My great deliverer.

God sent me instant help
 When I did trust in him ;
 Therefore, my heart exults with joy,
 And burns to speak his praise.

God is his people's strength,
 His chosen's saving strength :
 Save, Lord, and bless thy heritage ;
 Feed them and lift them up.

92. *Prayer Answered.*

O God, my heart shall greatly joy
 In thy salvation and thy strength ;

For thou hast heard my earnest prayer,
And given me my heart's desire.

Thou, Lord, hast blest me in thy love,
And made me joyful in thy smiles ;
And though the grace of the Most High,
I never shall be moved from thee.

93. *Waiting on God.*

Hear, Lord, my cry, O answer me,
Have mercy on my soul ;
For when thou saidst, " seek ye my face,"
My heart at once obeyed.

Hide not thy face now far from me ;
Turn not thy servant off ;
Thou art my help, O leave me not ;
Forsake me not, O God.

Sure when my father leaves his child,
And when my mother fails,
Then thou, O God, wilt take me up,
And own me for thy child.

I'd fainted, had I not believed
To see thy goodness, Lord,
E'en in the land of those who live,
When grief my soul o'erwhelmed.

Wait on the Lord ; he nerves the heart
That humbly waits on him :
Give courage, Lord, increase my faith,
That I may wait on thee.—*Amen.*

94. *Walking with God. Cowper.*

O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul refreshing view,
Of Jesus and his word.

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,

Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.—*Amen.*



95. *Death of a Pious Mother. Selected.*

The bosom, Lord, where oft I've lain,
And slept my infant hours away,
Will never beat for me again !
For it lies dead and wrapt in clay.

Lord, many were the silent prayers
My mother offered up for me ;
And many were her bitter cares,
Which none but God beside could see.

Well, she is gone ; and now in heaven,
She sings his praise, who died for her ;
And to her hand a harp is given,
And she's a heavenly worshipper.

Lord ! make me think of all she said,
And all the kind advice she gave ;
And make me do it, now she's dead,
And sleeping in her lowly grave.

And make me choose the path she chose,
 That her I soon again may see,
 Beyond this world of sin and woes,
 With Jesus in eternity.—*Amen.*

96. *The Orphan. Selected.*

Whither but to thee, O Lord,
 Shall a little orphan go?
 Thou alone canst speak the word,
 Thou canst dry my tears of woe.
 Father! may my lips once more
 Whisper that beloved name?
 Helpless, guilty, friendless, poor,
 Let me thy protection claim.

O my father, may I tell
 All my wants and woes to thee?
 Ev'ry want thou knowest well,
 Ev'ry woe thine eye can see.
 'Twas thy hand that took away
 Father, mother from my sight:
 Him that was my infant stay,
 Her that watched me day and night.

Yet I bless thee, for I know
 Thou hast wounded me in love;
 Weaned my heart from things below,
 That it might aspire above.

Here I tarry for a while ;
 Saviour, keep me near thy side ;
 Cheer my journey with thy smile ;
 Be my Father, Friend and Guide.—*Amen.*

97. *The Orphan's Prayer. Selected.*

O thou ! the helpless orphan's hope,
 To whom alone my eyes look up,
 In each distressing day :
 Father ! for that's the sweetest name,
 That e'er these lips were taught to frame,
 Instruct this heart to pray.

Low in the dust my parents lie,
 And no attentive ear is nigh,
 But thine to mark my woe :
 No hand to wipe away my tears,
 No gentle voice to soothe my fears,
 Remains to me below.

And if thy wisdom should decree
 An early sepulchre for me,
 Father ! thy will be done :
 On thy dear mercy I rely ;
 And if I live, or if I die,
 O leave me not alone.—*Amen.*

98. *Address. Ps. 34. 11—22.*

O come, ye children, list to me,
 And I'll teach you the fear of God,
 The ways of righteousness :
 Which one of you desireth life,
 And wishes many days to see,
 That you may see good things ?

From slander ever keep thy tongue ,
 And keep thy lips from speaking guile ;
 Forsake and flee all sin :
 Nay more ; *do good* with cheerfulness ;
 Seek peace and follow it in love,
 To all the sons of men.

The eyes of God are on his saints,
 His ears are open to their cry,
 He bottles all their tears ;
 But he hath set his face against
 The workers of iniquity,
 To cut them from the earth.

God hears the righteous when they cry,
 And saves them out of deep distress
 When of a broken heart :
 The contrite heart he fills with peace ;
 And from affliction's iron folds
 Delivers all the meek.

God keeps their bones, not one is broke :
 But wrath shall smite th' impenitent,
 And make them desolate.

The Lord redeems his servants' souls ;
 And none of them, who trust in him,
 Shall be made desolate.

99. *Christian Character. Ps. 15.*

Lord ! who shall in thy temple dwell ?
 Who on thy holy hill abide ?
 The man who walks in thy pure law,
 Who does and speaks the truth from choice.

He does not slander with his tongue,
 Nor love to do his neighbour wrong ;
 Nor does he pick up a reproach,
 And roll it to his neighbour's hurt.

A wicked person he contemns,
 But honours them that fear the Lord ;
 Nor does he change or break his vows,
 E'en when he vows to his own hurt.

He does not gripe with usury,
 Nor take a bribe to wrong the just.
*This man shall in thy temple dwell,
 And on thy holy hill abide.*

100. *The Excellence and Condescension
of God. Ps. 8.*

O Lord ! how excellent thy name !
Thy glory towers above the heavens ;
Who from weak babes ordainest strength,
To silence and subdue thy foes.

When I survey the heavens, thy work,
The moon and stars ordained by thee,
O'erwhelmed I ask, Lord, what is man,
That thou dost watch or visit him ?

Thou gavest him a noble birth,
And next to angels hast him made ;
Thou mad'st him lord of all thy works,
And put all things beneath his feet.

All sheep and oxen and wild beasts,
The fowl of heaven and fish of sea ;
Lord ! while I live let me adore
Thy name, so great and excellent.—*Amen.*

101. *Mercy of God. Ps. 36. 5—10.*

Thy mercy, Lord, doth reach to heaven,
Thy faithfulness above the clouds ;
Thy righteousness is like the hills ;
Thy judgments like the mighty sea.

Preserver of both man and beast ;
 How excellent thy tenderness !
 Therefore beneath thy shadowing wings,
 The sons of men will put their trust.

They shall be fed and satisfied
 With the abundance of thy house ;
 And of the river of thy joy,
 Their souls shall drink with great delight.

With thee, O God, are all life's springs,
 And in thy light we shall see light ;
 Continue thy great tenderness,
 Thy wond'rous mercy unto us.—*Amen.*

102. *Justice of God.*

Arise, O Lord, lift up thyself ;
 Let all now see thee on thy throne ;
 So shall thy people praise thy name,
 When for their sakes thou sitt'st on high.

The Lord shall judge his saints in love ;
 He hath prepared his judgment throne ;
 And he shall judge the world in truth,
 And mete out justice to his saints

God is a refuge for th' oppressed,
 In times of trouble and distress ;

And all that love and trust in him,
He never will nor can forsake.

The Lord will judge the fatherless,
And all that do their neighbour wrong ;
The wicked he condemns to hell ;
And they shall feel their sentence just.

Rise, Lord, let not the vile prevail ;
O judge the wicked in thy truth ;
Put them in fear, that they may know
And feel themselves to be but men.—*Amen.*

103. *Power of God.*

Great is thy power, O God !
Who can its wonders tell ?
The universe thy arm upholds ;
All heaven and earth and hell.

Thou spak'st and num'rous worlds,
At once from nothing sprang ;
This world—all worlds, thus made by thee,
Thou didst on nothing hang.

Thou dost exalt the meek ;
The proud thou bringest low ;
No one, no power can stay thy arm,
Or ask why dost thou so ?

All power to thee belongs ;
 All things hang on thy will ;
 The waves—the winds—the rage of men,
 Thy word at once can still.

Thy power is felt and seen
 In earth and sea and air ;
 Felt in the life and energy,
 By which all live and are.

Seen in the springing grain,
 In the expanding trees ;
 And seen in changing nature's face,
 And in night's starry spheres.

God gives his people strength ;
 He is the source of power ;
 O let me not provoke that God,
 By whom we move and are.—*Amen.*



104. *The Omnipresence and Omniscience
 of God. Ps. 139.*

Lord ! thou hast searched and known my heart ;
 Thou knowest when I sit or rise,
 And my most secret thoughts ;
 Thou compasses my very path ;
 Thou knowest every word I speak,
 And markest all my ways.

O God ! thou dost me quite surround ;
Behind, before, on either side,
I live and move in thee :
Thy very hand is on me placed ;
Such knowledge is too deep for me,
I cannot fathom it.

Lord ! whither from thee shall I go ?
To heaven ? To hell ? Lord, thou art there !
Where from thee can I flee ?
Lord ! should I take the wings of morn,
And ever fly with speed of light,
I could not flee thy hand !

And should I say, night hides from God !
Darkness and light are one to thee ;
Night shineth as the day.
Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me and know my inmost thoughts ;
Lead me in ways of life.—*Amen.*

105. *Eternity of God. Ps. 102.*

Lord ! hear my prayer ; hide not thy face ;
My days consume away like smoke ;
I wither like the short lived grass,
And to the dust I swiftly haste.

But thou forever shalt endure ;
Thy mem'ry to the end of time ;
Throughout all ages are thy years ;
Who art, and wast, and art to come.

Of old thou laid'st the hills of earth,
And with thy hand spread out the heavens ;
At thy command the earth stood fast,
And worlds and suns in glory moved !

The heavens shall waste, but thou shalt live ·
Like garments they shall all wear out ;
Like as a robe thou shalt them change ;
Worn out, they shall be cast aside.

But thou art still the same, O God ;
Thy years for ever shall endure ;
Unchangeable, thou art the same,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,

Amen.

THE CHURCH SAFE.

The Church will ever stand, earth's peerless pride,
Heaven's constant, wakeful care. When suns shall hide
Their golden heads in night, and cease to rise,
When Ruin, like a demon, through the skies,
Repealing Order's laws, shall madly rave,
And hoary Time expire on Nature's grave,
Then shall the Church, secure as heaven's high King,
Her beaming glories show, her mighty triumphs sing.

Who doubts her future triumph?—Let him go
And read, in ages past, the overthrow
Of all who dar'd to prove themselves her foes:—
Read how Omnipotence in wrath arose,
And on their guilty heads dire vengeance hurl'd.
If, while an infant, grappling with the world,
She humbled at her feet its pride and power,
Who doubts the safe result of each succeeding war?

Where are her foes who lived before the flood?
Speak, rolling ocean, that o'erwhelm'd the world!
And heaven's high windows, that then open'd wide,
And pour'd a deluge on the sons of Pride!—
Where is Sodoma, who, in olden time,
Sore vexed the Church, and wedded loathsome crime?
Speak, fire from heaven! that dashing on her head,
Swift as the light'ning sunk her to the dead!
And thou, Asphaltites, with putrid, with'ring wave,
Speak! as thou roll'st thy sea of gall athwart her grave.

Where is proud Pharoah and his haughty host,
 Who sought to waste the Church, with impious boast?
 Sing, Miriam; sing, the mountain waves,
 That lash'd and whelm'd them deep in wat'ry graves!
 Proud Egypt sank like lead no more to rise,
 Till the last trump breaks from the vaulted skies!
 Where are her other foes who've spilt her blood?
 Swept root and branch away by Time's resistless flood.

Where is Voltaire, that with'ring pest of France,
 Who made the universe the brat of chance?
 Say, did he "crush the wretch," and turn "the knave,"
 Out of all hearts into oblivion's grave?
 Go to his death-bed. See how fell despair
 Sits on his brow, and reigns a conqu'ror there.
 What! does he call for mercy on that Name
 He strove to wrap in infamy and shame?
 Where are his props? Ah, why that piercing cry?
 The sceptic's props are sand—They fail when death draws nigh.

The Church is safe: she has a friend on high,
 Who guards her int'rests with a sleepless eye.
 He spake! and worlds and suns harmonious roll'd;
 All heaven and earth his bounding arms uphold.
 His word is pledged to make her fill the earth
 With love and peace, and righteousness and truth;—
 Upon her foes eternal wrath to fling,
 While she, in victor's robes, their overthrow shall sing.

'Twas he who broke the fountains of the deep,
 And piled above the world a wat'ry heap;
 While on the waves the ark securely rode,
 The Church's casket, guided by her God.
 'Twas He who overthrew with direful rain,
 The guilty cities of Sodoma's plain:—
 That buried Egypt's pride beneath the flood,
 While on the roaring waves in awful wrath he stood.

Cease then vain world ; renounce thy empty hope.
 Thou canst not waste the Church—her progress stopt ;
 Moved by that arm that moves the rolling spheres,
 Onward she'll roll through all succeeding years.
 The glory of the world to her will come,
 And in her soft embrace she'll bear them home.
 Home to that rest where peace immortal reigns,
 Where sweetest love is sung in pure seraphic strains.

Out with thine arm, O world, and from their seat,
 Pluek down the stars and strew them at thy feet ;
 With heavy breath blow out the lamp of day,
 And clog the wheels of nature to their stay ;
 Make springing vegetation cease to rise,
 And heavy gravitation seek the skies ;
 Command from graves the crumbling dead to walk,
 And at thy feet, stern Death, in chains to stalk.

Canst thou not e'en do this ?—and dost thou hope
 To waste the church—with arm of heaven to cope ?
 Thou canst not e'en a mote annihilate,
 And dost thou dream that in thy present state,
 Thou canst expunge the apple of that eye,
 That beams a sun through vast immensity ?
 All hail, puissant world, of fools wear thou the crown,
 The Power that rules the heavens laughs at thy strength in scorn.

The Church is safe ; Jehovah's bride she'll move,
 Deck'd with sweet robes of everlasting love.
 I see her, beaming with immortal light,
 Rise like a sun on realms of Pagan night.
 Before her idols fall, and Error flies,
 And at her glance pale Superstition dies.
 Sin from his tyrant throne is headlong hurl'd,
 And bound in massive chains lies prostrate o'er the world.

I see her foes in awful thunders driven,
 Accursed and flaming from the throne of heaven.

Hell on her sulph'rous fires, and scorpion pains,
Binds them in wrath with adamant chains!
Guilt gnaws their souls—the never-dying worm!
Heaven pours upon them the eternal storm!
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And Night and Sin and Death—torment and crush them there.

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